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ISSUE 8  
Creepy  
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Next week in  
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Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde:  
Chapter 2

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Haunted Circus

**THE UNEXPLAINED**  
Fabled Cities

# Green Thumb



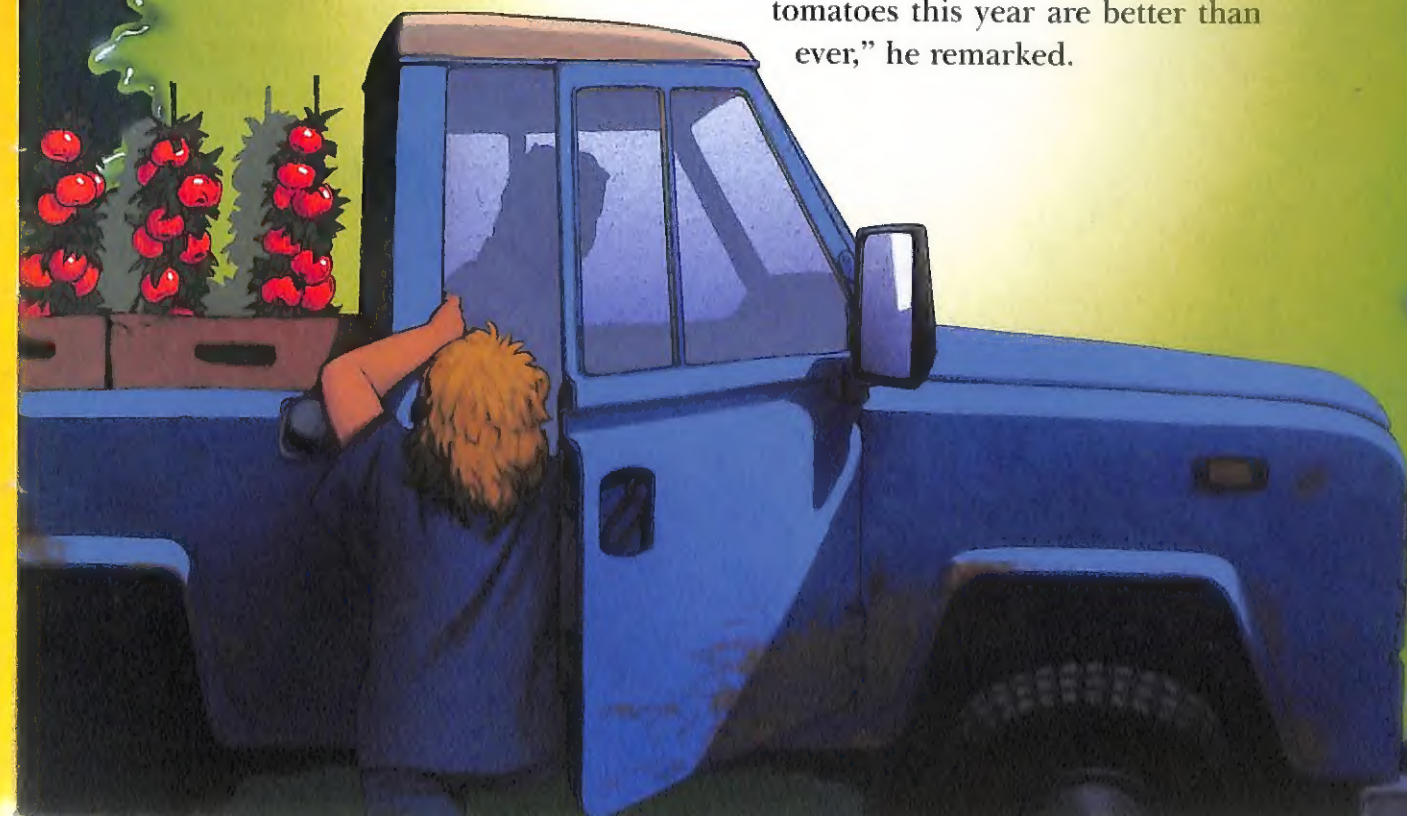
here are you going, young lady?" said Mrs Gardner, holding up her hand as Leah headed for the door. "I'm going with Dad. They're judging the entries for the tomato-growing contest today. I want to get a look at the competition, so he's going to drive me to the showground early."

Her mother shook her head. "You know very well that you are going to win that contest, just as you have done for the past three years."

"Hope so!" The girl raced to the kitchen door and grabbed a home-baked scone as she sped by. It was still warm from the oven.

Leah scrambled into the passenger seat of her dad's blue truck. "All set?" he grinned.

Leah nodded, her mouth full of food. "After using that special soil mixture you've developed, your tomatoes this year are better than ever," he remarked.



#### PUZZLE ANSWERS:

**ASSEMBLY LINE** The robots are made up as follows:  
1 GKPA; 2 HJMB; 3 HOC; 4 ELND.

**IDENTICAL ROBOTS** The right-hand robot is missing  
(1) an antenna, (2) his mouth, (3) his guitar strap, (4) the  
rivets on his right foot, (5) the connecting wire to his right  
leg, (6) a finger from the left hand. Also (7) right knee is  
different, (8) chest symbol is different and (9) right  
shoulder is different.

**ROBOT WORDS** See filled-in grid.

**MEAN SCREEN** The words on  
the computer screen say, in mirror  
writing: What do you get if you  
cross a parrot with a centipede?  
A walrus talkie!

**DOMESTIC DROID** The hands  
for the 10 tasks are:

1C, 2H, 3A, 4I, 5B, 6G, 7E,  
8I, 9F, 10D.





Her father pulled the truck out of the driveway and on to a narrow dirt track that led to the road.

Leah agreed. "It really worked well, but I think I've come up with a few things that will make the plants grow even bigger and faster. I've added them to the old compost pit over behind the stone wall at the far side of the house. Is that OK?"

"I don't see why not. No one ever goes round there," replied Mr Gardner, as he turned the truck on to the main road.



**T**he following morning, Leah was up bright and early. First she put out a bowl of milk for Jake, her orange-and-white striped kitten. Then she proudly added her new blue 'First Prize' rosette to the others displayed in a glass cabinet in the living room.

Later, she and her mum cleared a large patch near the barn for pumpkins. Leah spread a thick layer of her newest soil mixture over the area and worked it in thoroughly with a hoe. After lunch she rode her bike to the shop to pick up some things for her mum.

"Hi, Leah." Mr Warden, the grocer, looked up as she came in. "Your order is ready,

and I have something for you." He handed her a magazine. "This came in a pack of seed catalogues. There was only the one, so I think it was a mistake. Anyway, it's all about exotic plants. You might find something special in it for your garden."

"Wow! Thank you, Mr Warden!" Leah slipped the gift into her shopping bag. When she got home, she curled up on her favourite window seat with the magazine. Jake padded gently along the windowsill and stretched out in the sun beside her.

A small ad on the back page caught her eye. "What's this?" she said to herself. The kitten looked up as if waiting for her to say something more.

"Guaranteed to amaze!" the ad read. "The world's most unusual vine. Only for the most accomplished of gardeners." Leah was intrigued and challenged. She filled out the little coupon provided and posted off her order that very day.

Less than a week later, a small box, addressed to Leah and simply marked 'Seeds', arrived in the mail. She quickly opened it, ripped the top from the packet inside and tapped a few light, dainty red seeds out into her hand.

"I wonder what they are?" she asked aloud. The instructions on the packet just said to sow them near the surface and fertilise with bonemeal. Leah got permission from her mum to plant the unusual seeds in a part of the area they had cleared for the pumpkin patch.

Within two days, the first pale shoots of a single plant showed themselves above the rich soil. Within a week the plant was several centimetres high.



"Wow, Jake. Can you believe this?" Leah crouched down beside the young plant and rubbed one of its bright green leaves. Long, slender tendrils curled out from the stem. "I've never seen anything that grows this fast. Except you, perhaps."

But Jake wasn't paying any attention. He had discovered a small hole in the ground and was busily trying to excavate whatever had made it. Leah straightened up and looked at her chubby kitten. He turned his attention to a cricket, slapping at it with his paws. One well-placed blow stunned the insect.

"Good boy. You keep trying. I hope you turn out to be a natural ratter. You'll have plenty to keep you busy if you do." She headed for the house, then stopped short. Had she heard a soft sigh? "It must have been the wind," she said to herself.

Behind her, a threadlike plant tendril snaked out and wrapped tightly around the motionless cricket. Jake laid his ears back, bared his teeth and hissed as the slender stalk dragged the tiny body into the soil.



**D**uring the summer, Leah usually slept with her window open. She liked to fall asleep listening to the sounds of the night.

One evening, just as she was drifting off, she heard a strange but familiar sound. Opening her eyes wide, she listened carefully. It was a soft, wistful sigh, almost a moan. Where had she heard it before? Rising quietly, she padded over to the open window and tried to peer into the darkness. A sharp squeal pierced the night, then another. Both came from the garden. Once again everything was still.

"It sounds like rats," she said under her breath. "Jake must be out on the prowl."

From then on, Leah heard the fearful squeals every night. Each day she tended her peculiar plant, which seemed to grow more lush by the hour. The barn wall was nearly covered by its long, entwining tendrils. Huge, trumpet-shaped, blood-red flowers covered much of the plant, and she counted eight long, gnarled seed pods.

One morning, she decided to add more of the treated 'miracle' soil from her compost heap pit to the vine's roots.





However, Leah's mind was not on her work as she dug her hands into the ground. She was worried about Jake. He hadn't shown up for breakfast. Leah had already planned to search for him when she felt a slight sting. Yanking her hands from the thick, dark brown earth, she watched as a droplet of blood formed at the tip of her finger.

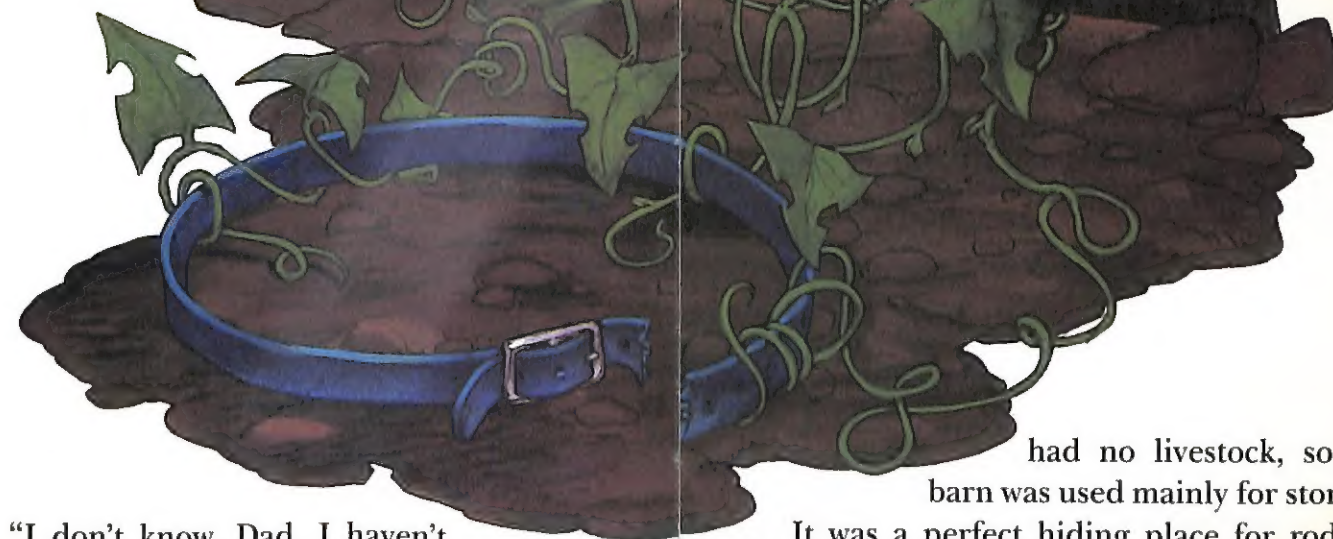
"I should have been wearing gloves," she mumbled, wondering what might have caused the small cut. Looking down, she noticed that the end of a single root protruded just above the soil. The pale, greenish point was smeared with a tiny bit of blood. Leah touched it lightly. It was sharp. Suddenly, the root seemed to quiver and it moved slightly towards the blood on her cut finger. She drew back her hand and jumped up. "I think I've been working in the sun too long," she said aloud. "It must be my imagination playing tricks on me."



**T**hat treated soil of yours certainly speeds up growth," her mum commented over dinner that night. "I used just a little in my azaleas and I could swear they have shot up at least twenty centimetres in less than a week. I can't imagine what an entire potful would do. It's certainly done wonders for your new plant, too. I don't think I've ever seen such a healthy vine."

"Thanks," Leah responded, but she was still a little troubled. She couldn't shake the feeling that there was something evil about the strange vine.

Her dad added, "I think our little Jake deserves a round of applause, too. He's turned out to be quite a ratter. I haven't laid eyes on a single rat in the barn for more than a week. By the way, where is he?"



"I don't know, Dad. I haven't seen him since yesterday. I looked for him all afternoon," Leah said anxiously.

"That's odd," her father mused. "Come to think of it, a lot of pets have been reported missing lately. Liz Bersen told me her boy's pet goat wandered off a couple of days ago, and they haven't seen it since."

Her mum patted Leah's hand. "I'm sure he'll be all right, dear. Cats can take care of themselves. He'll be back."

"I hope so," Leah murmured.

When Jake didn't show up the next morning for breakfast, Leah was certain that something was wrong. She decided to look for him once again in the barn. They

had no livestock, so the barn was used mainly for storage. It was a perfect hiding place for rodents and so an ideal hunting ground for a clever cat. The old wooden door screeched as she entered the cool, dark building. The only other sound was that of her own footsteps on the hard-packed earth.

"Here, Jake. Where are you, boy?" There was no response. Her dad was right – there were no rats anywhere. In fact, there didn't seem to be any insects either, nor anything living, except... Scanning the base of the wall, she saw dozens of curling green tendrils growing through the cracks. In a darkened corner, one green strand was wrapped so tightly around something that she couldn't quite make out what it was.

She walked to the spot and nudged the vine with her foot. The limp tail of a dead rat protruded from within the coil. Leah felt the hair rise on the back of her neck. There, near the body, was Jake's empty, blue collar. She edged out of the barn and backed into the garden. As she moved near the vine, she felt something lightly touch her leg.

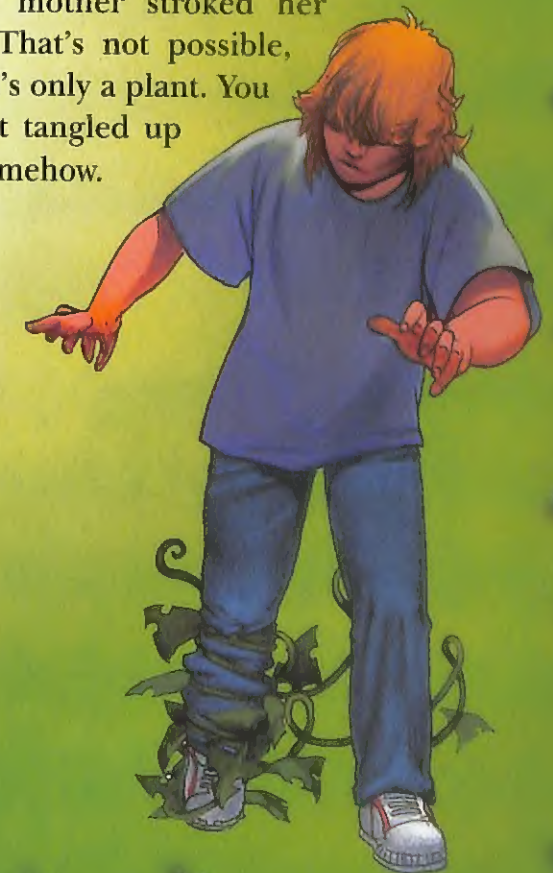
"J-J-Jake?" Lifting back a wide leaf, she was horrified to see a thick tendril of vine shoot out and entwine itself round her leg, tightening its grip every second.

"Dad... Dad!" she screamed with all her might. In no time her parents were beside her. "It's attacking me! Get it off! Get it off!" she yelled at them. Her father quickly sliced through the stem with a penknife.

"Leah, what happened? Calm down."

"The vine..." she sobbed, "...the vine is the reason there are no rats. It got Jake, too. I know it."

Her mother stroked her hair. "That's not possible, dear. It's only a plant. You just got tangled up in it somehow."





But if it worries you, we'll dig it up."

"And burn it?" whispered Leah.

"Yes, if that will make you feel better."

Within the hour, Mr Gardner had dug up the plant, roots and all. When he came into the house, he smelled of smoke.

"Did you burn it, Dad?" Leah asked.

"Yes, honey. I burned every leaf, every flower, and all of those weird seed pods." He decided that it was best not to tell Leah about the strange collection of small bones he had uncovered at the vine's roots.



**T**hat night, Leah lay awake in her room, straining to hear the dreaded sound. Her parents had already gone to bed when she heard it, but it was not from where she expected. The noise came not from the garden near the barn, but from the far side of the house, beyond the stone wall about thirty metres away... the area where she had so carefully tended her large pit of treated soil.

"Jake?" she sat up. "Maybe he really is OK. Maybe he just ran away, and now he's come home," she reasoned.

Slipping her feet into her flip-flops, Leah crept downstairs to the kitchen. She reached for the torch that hung near the door and stepped outside. It was a dark, moonless night. She pointed the torch towards the ground to light her path.

All the while she softly called, "Here, kitty... here, Jake. C'mon, boy!"

Pebbles scattered as Leah climbed over the crumbling stone wall on the far side of the house. A gentle sound, barely more than a moan, made her freeze in her tracks. Stunned, she lifted the torch. Its beam illuminated a huge vine that was part of a gigantic plant. It grew directly from the deep pit of special soil and covered the entire wall. Before Leah could open her mouth to scream, a slim tendril slid round her throat. Its leaves covered her face. The torch clattered to the ground.

The torch's beam of light slowly faded as dawn approached. A gentle breeze rustled the strong, healthy vine growing in the shadows. At its crown a long, gnarled seed pod suddenly split open, just as one had a few days before on the parent plant. The breeze lifted the small red seeds inside the pod and carried them aloft, scattering them in every direction.

THE END





## OUR HAUNTED WORLD



Weird things happen worldwide, but here are some spooky tales from northern Russia.



### SPOOKY SUBMARINE

An extraordinary experiment took place live on Russian TV in 1991. A researcher helped 10 teenagers sitting in the studio to summon their spirit doubles. When the children were asked to send their doubles somewhere, they chose to visit the wreck of the *Komsomolets*. This was a nuclear submarine that had sunk in the Barents Sea near Murmansk. The teenagers in the studio then described how their doubles on the sea bed were exploring the wreck with torches. When they drew what they could see, all 10 pictures were almost identical! Finally, the teenagers sent their doubles back to the time when the submarine sank. Their descriptions of the crew's terror were also amazingly similar.



### ▼ FROZEN BABY

This baby mammoth was preserved in the Siberian ice for 10,000 years.



### DEEP-FROZEN DOG FOOD!

For the last couple of hundred years the Yakut people, who come from Yakutsk in Siberia, have fed their dogs on defrosted mammoth flesh that is 10,000 years old! These gigantic prehistoric elephants actually died out thousands of years ago, but the sub-zero temperatures of Siberia preserved their bodies as if they had been placed in a deep freeze. So many thousands of mammoths were dug from the frozen ground that the Yakut believed the creatures had once lived beneath the earth, like moles.



### ◀ MEGA WIPE-OUT

A weird, radiating circle of blasted trees, nearly 130 kilometres wide, was all that remained after the Tunguska explosion.

### A FISHY TALE

In 1987, a Siberian fisherman netted a giant pike and found it had a tail sticking out of its mouth. He cut the fish open and out struggled his dog, who had been swimming in the river a few minutes before.

### BLAST FROM THE PAST

In 1908, a fiery ball was seen racing across the Siberian skyline before crashing to earth near the Tunguska River. The massive explosion was heard 800 kilometres away! Investigators discovered that an area as big as Birmingham had been destroyed, and millions of trees had been blasted out of the ground.

The effects of the Tunguska explosion were similar to those of the first atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima, Japan. At the centre some trees were still standing, although stripped of their branches. New trees grew at an alarmingly fast rate and unique insect life was found at both sites.

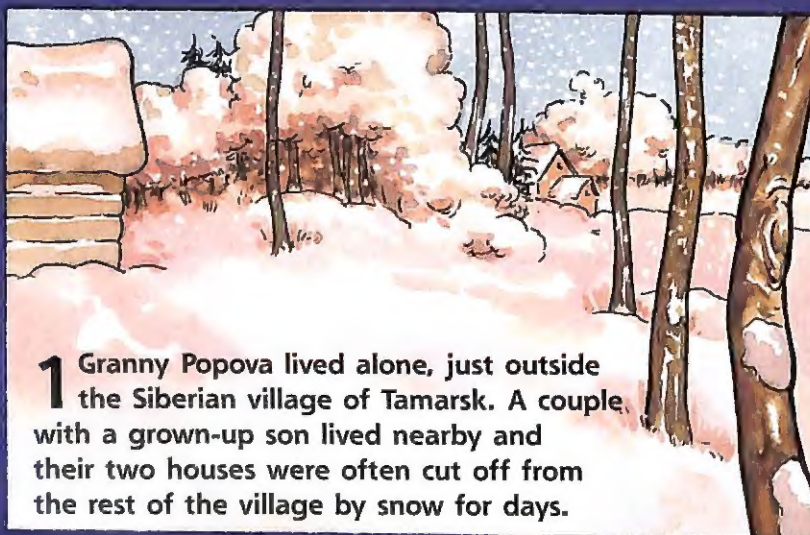
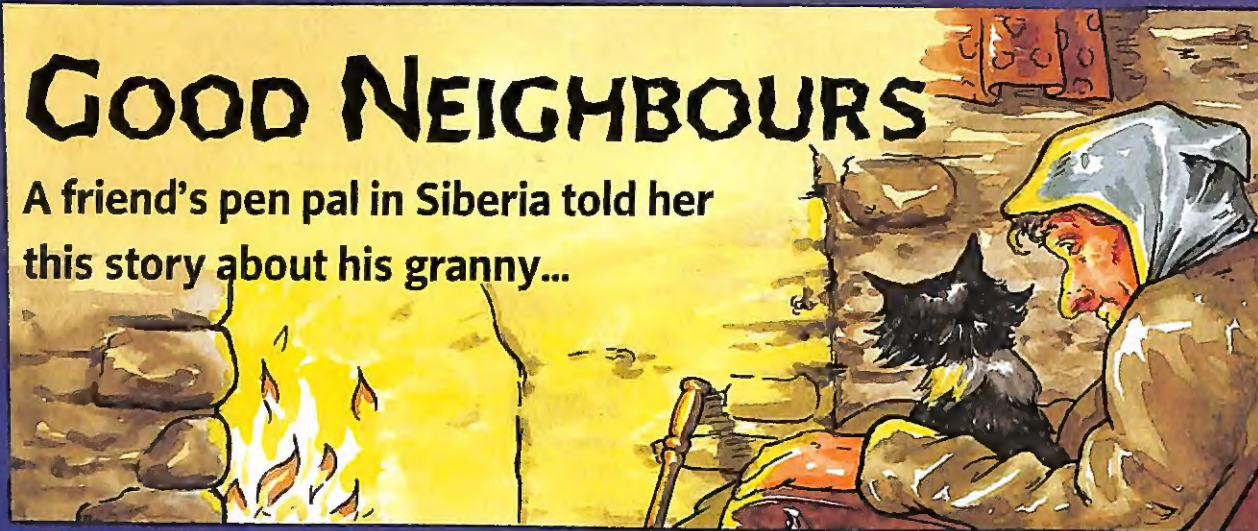
The atom bomb was only created in 1945. Could it be that in the Tunguska region, a UFO had gone out of control and exploded? Today, scientists think that the havoc may have been caused by a small comet exploding with the force of a 20-megatonne bomb.





# GOOD NEIGHBOURS

A friend's pen pal in Siberia told her this story about his granny...



**1** Granny Popova lived alone, just outside the Siberian village of Tamarsk. A couple with a grown-up son lived nearby and their two houses were often cut off from the rest of the village by snow for days.



**2** One morning after a stormy night, Granny Popova was stirring up the fire when she heard a knock at her door.



**3** Wondering who on earth could have got through the snow, the old lady went to the door, still holding the poker. Carefully, she opened the door a crack.



**4** To her horror she saw a man wearing a scarf over his face and a hat pulled down over his ears. "OK," he snarled, "let me in and don't make trouble!"



**5** The man's hand shot through the gap and, by mistake, he took a firm hold of the red hot poker. With a yelp of pain, he leapt back and Granny Popova banged the door shut as he ran off.



**6** The old woman was pretty shaken and took a while to steady her nerves. She decided to go to her close neighbours for help.



**7** As she struggled through the snow, the old lady considered how lucky she was to have such good neighbours. The young son, Ivan, had often done odd jobs for her.



**8** When she knocked, the mother opened the door. "Oh! Hello Granny," she said. "If it's Ivan you want, I'm afraid he's just had an accident. He's burnt his hand quite badly and is just putting a bandage on it!"





# BORLEY RECTORY

**Special Investigation File: 84**

**Place:** Borley Rectory, Essex, England  
**Subject:** Several reported hauntings

SpineChiller creates a file

## Background information

Borley Rectory was built in 1863 by the Reverend Henry Bull to house his family of 14 children. As soon as they moved in, strange things started to happen. Footsteps and whispering voices were heard in the night. Four of his daughters saw the ghost of a nun in the Rectory grounds and the place became known as Nun's Walk. Reverend Bull's son, Harry, who was rector from 1892 to 1927, saw both the nun and a phantom coach.

A friend staying at the Rectory reported, "stones falling about, my boots found on top of the wardrobe... and I saw the nun several times." After Harry died, Reverend Smith and his wife moved in. When they experienced ghostly goings-on, Smith wrote to the Daily Mirror, who sent a reporter and a ghost-hunter, Harry Price.

Evidence no: 84/2  
Borley Rectory  
in 1892



Evidence no: 84/1  
The Nun's Walk at  
Borley Rectory



10 June 1929

## HAUNTED RECTORY!

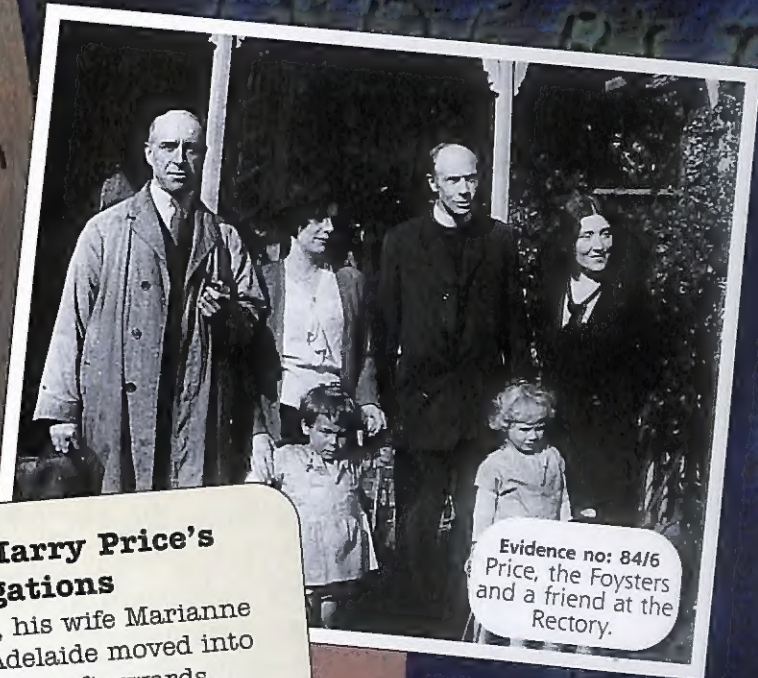
At Borley Rectory in Essex, people have seen the ghostly figures of headless coachmen

and a nun, an old-time coach drawn by two bay horses, which appears and vanishes mysteriously, and have even heard dragging footsteps in empty rooms...

Evidence no: 84/3  
An abridged Daily  
Mirror report



Evidence no: 84/4  
Writing on the wall  
at Borley Rectory



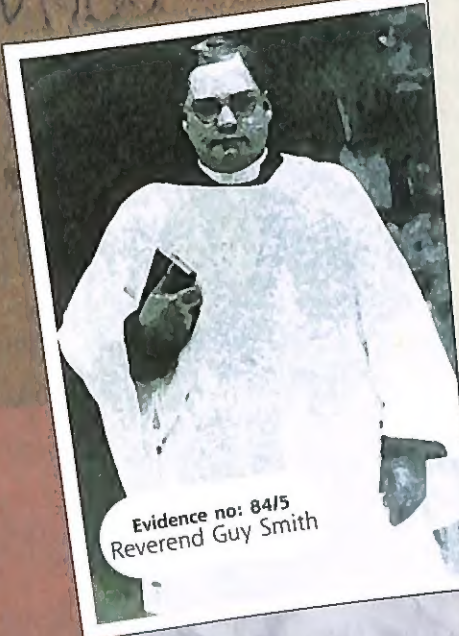
Evidence no: 84/6  
Price, the Foysters  
and a friend at the  
Rectory.

## Summary of Harry Price's investigations

In 1930, Rev Foyster, his wife Marianne and small daughter Adelaide moved into Borley Rectory and, soon afterwards, pencilled messages began to appear on walls. One read 'Marianne light mass prayers', another asked for help, but most were illegible. Books, paintings and crockery moved from one place to another, and doors locked themselves.

Eventually the Foysters moved out. I believe that much of the activity was caused by Marianne Foyster, so I decided to rent the Rectory for a year in order to make my own observations.

I asked for volunteers from respectable professions, such as doctors and army officers, to help me. They reported peculiar odours, lights, strange wall-markings and ghosts, none of which can be explained. A year after I left the Rectory, it burned down.



Evidence no: 84/5  
Reverend Guy Smith

My dear sister,  
I am writing to tell you Rev Smith has moved. The strangest and most unpleasant things have been occurring in the Rectory at Borley — keys have jumped out of locks, a glass candlestick and coins have showered down the stairs, as well as other odd things. All was reported in the newspaper and streams of people came to see the Rectory. After five weeks the Smiths could stand no more and have moved out. Rev Smith hopes to take up a new position in Norfolk.

## POSSIBLE EXPLANATIONS

- During a seance at the Rectory, a psychic claimed that 300 years earlier, a nun had been murdered nearby by one of the wealthy Waldegraves — could it be her spirit that haunts the grounds?
- The Society of Psychical Research did a report on Harry Price and decided that he had faked most of the evidence, as had Marianne Foyster. While investigating, however, its members also had some strange experiences that were inexplicable. So Borley Rectory keeps its reputation as the most haunted house in England.

Unexplained



CLASSIC

SERIAL



Chapter 1

# Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde

retold from the story by Robert Louis Stevenson

Mr Utterson was a respected lawyer who lived in London. He was a serious man, who did not allow himself many pleasures. But he was surprisingly tolerant of other people's weaknesses and was a loyal friend.

One of the pleasures he did allow himself was to take a walk through the streets of London on a Sunday with a relative of his called Richard Enfield. Although Mr Enfield was younger and very much a man about town, the two men greatly enjoyed their rambles together.

One Sunday morning, they wandered down a side street in a busy part of the city. The two companions admired the freshly painted shutters and gleaming brass knockers of the houses as they strolled along. But then Mr Enfield stopped at a courtyard, on one side of which rose a drab two-storey building. The gable end, which gave on to the street, had no windows and the house's peeling door had neither bell nor knocker. Pointing with his cane, Mr Enfield asked the lawyer, "Have you ever noticed that door before?" Mr Utterson replied that he had.



Mr Enfield then said, "Let me tell you a strange story to do with that door."

"A few months ago, I was walking home alone in the early hours of the morning when, all of a sudden, I could quite clearly see two figures ahead of me, illuminated by the street lights. One was a man who was striding along one road, and the other was a young girl of about ten, running as fast as she could down a street that crossed it. I could see that the pair were going to collide on the corner of the two streets, but before I could shout out to warn them, they had knocked into each other. The girl spun to the ground and, to my horror, the man trampled right over her and walked away, ignoring the girl's piercing screams.

"Fired with anger, I tore after the man, grabbed him by the collar and started to lead him back to where I could see a crowd gathering round the girl. To my surprise he didn't put up a struggle, but gave me such an evil look that I felt myself breaking out in a sweat. The girl's family was there, and soon a doctor arrived. Luckily, the child was not seriously injured but she was suffering from shock. The family turned on the unrepentant man and threatened to ruin his reputation. But the man merely snapped, 'Naturally I wish to avoid such publicity. Name your price.'

"The girl's family demanded a hundred pounds in damages. He agreed and told us to follow him.

"Where do you think he led us? To this very door, which he opened, at that late hour, with a key and returned, holding ten pounds in gold coins and a cheque for the rest. The cheque was in the name of a respected gentleman who had a reputation

for good works. Naturally, we suspected that it was a forgery, but the man offered to cash it personally next morning.

"So, the girl's father, the doctor and myself held him at my chambers until the morning, when we accompanied him to the bank. To our surprise, the cheque was honoured and the money handed over to the girl's father. And when I thought about it afterwards, I could only presume that this despicable man had some sort of hold over the gentleman who had signed the cheque – quite possibly the man was blackmailing him."

Mr Utterson stared thoughtfully at the doorway. Then he asked his companion for the name of the evil-looking man.

"His name was Hyde," replied Mr Enfield. "I tell you, my friend, there was something detestable about that man. I had the feeling he was deformed, although I couldn't see any actual deformity."

Mr Utterson seemed to start at the name 'Hyde' and his companion could see that he was upset in some way. So Mr Enfield then proposed that they should continue their walk and not refer to the story again.

Mr Utterson was indeed upset for he had recognised the drab building as the laboratory of his good friend Dr Jekyll, whose residence framed the opposite side of the courtyard. He had also recognised the name 'Hyde'. Could it possibly be, he asked himself as he parted from Mr Enfield, the same Hyde whose name featured so mysteriously in Jekyll's most unsatisfactory will?

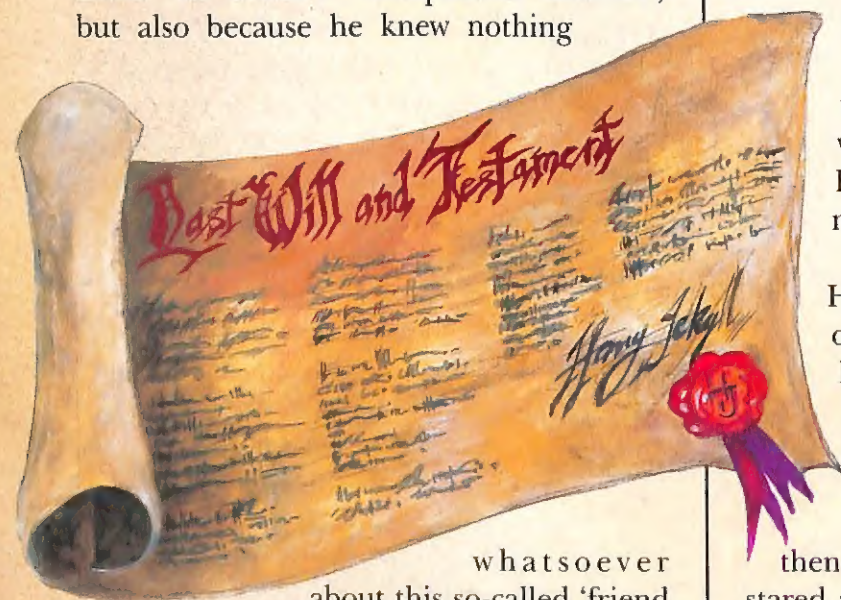
Underlined words are explained in WORD POWER.





As soon as he returned home, he went to the safe in his study, pulled out the will and re-read it. It stated clearly that Jekyll wished that all his possessions should go to his 'friend and benefactor Edward Hyde', and that in the case of Dr Jekyll's disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months, Edward Hyde should immediately inherit the doctor's house, money and belongings.

Until now, the will had troubled Mr Utterson, not only because of the clause about his friend's 'unexplained absence', but also because he knew nothing



whatsoever about this so-called 'friend and benefactor'. Now that he had learned what a monster this 'friend' seemed to be, the lawyer was even more troubled.

That night, his sleep was disturbed by two haunting images. The first was of the man and the child crashing into each other with the man trampling on the child's body; the second was of his friend, Dr Jekyll, lying asleep with the same man standing over him, commanding him to get up and do his bidding. But in neither scene did the man have a face and, when Mr Utterson awoke, he felt sure that if he could only see Edward Hyde's face, then he might understand why his friend was in the power of this brute.

So, whenever Mr Utterson had a free moment, he went to the side street and kept

watch opposite the door that led to Dr Jekyll's laboratory, in the hope of catching a glimpse of Mr Hyde. At last, one frosty night at about ten o'clock, he heard footsteps approaching. Then, from his hiding place, he saw a small man cross the road and head straight for the door. When Mr Utterson saw the man pulling out a key, he walked up to him and tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "It's Mr Hyde, isn't it?"

Mr Hyde drew back like a startled weasel and then, keeping his face hidden, croaked, "Yes, that's my name. What do you want with me?"

Mr Utterson explained that he was an old friend of Dr Jekyll and was just passing, when he saw Mr Hyde at the door and wondered if he might let him in.

"You won't find Dr Jekyll here," Hyde snapped and, turning his back on Mr Utterson, started to put the key in the lock. Then he added, "How did you know who I was?"

"I will tell you, if you show me your face," the lawyer replied.

Hyde hesitated for a moment and then turned round defiantly. Utterson stared at the dark face and narrow, mean-looking eyes. Then, to Utterson's surprise, Hyde told him he lived in Soho, gave him his address and asked again how he had recognised him.

Utterson answered evasively and Hyde's face flushed with anger. "You are nothing but a foul-mouthed liar," he snarled. And before the lawyer could say anything, he turned the key, stepped into the house and slammed the door behind him.

Mr Utterson was shaken by this encounter and, as he walked away, he tried to work out what made him loathe the man so much. He was ugly and dwarfish with a sneering smile and a grating voice, but there was

## WORD POWER

illuminated – lit up

unrepentant – not sorry; showing no regret for one's actions

benefactor – a patron; a person who helps another person with money

evasively – in a manner that is not straightforward, or that tries to avoid difficulties

lavishly – richly; extravagantly

in the thrall of – being in the power of another person

Hyde has a key and comes and goes as he wishes. We all have orders to obey him."

Mr Utterson took his leave and started for home, now even more worried.

"I know poor Henry was a bit wild in his youth," he said to himself, "but surely he does not deserve to be in the thrall of such a horrible monster."

Then another, even more appalling thought struck him. What if Hyde already knew that Jekyll had made a will in his favour? That would certainly explain his unexpected willingness to reveal his Soho address to an old friend of Jekyll's! And, if that was the case, then Henry Jekyll could be in mortal danger!

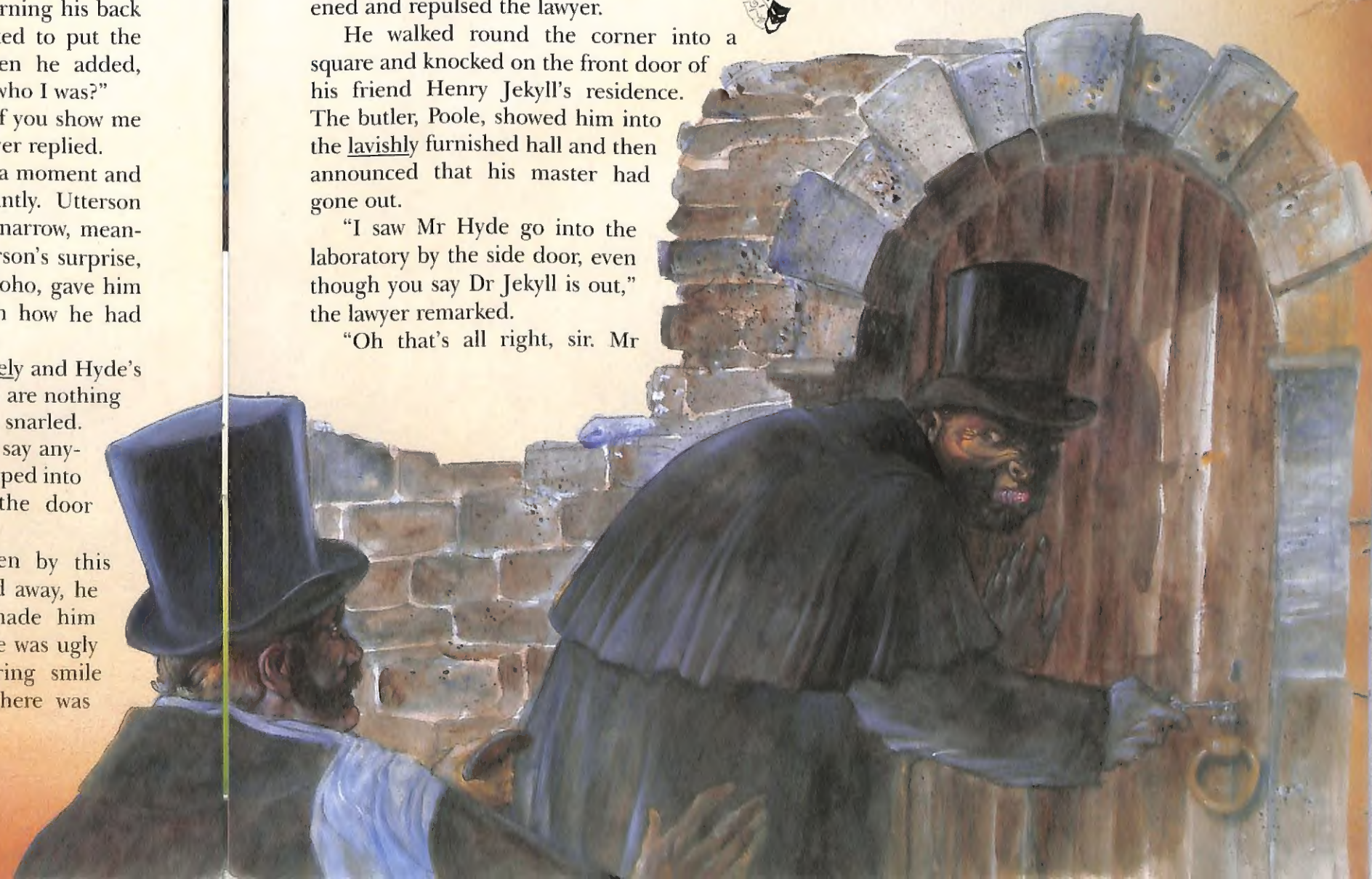
## Chapter 2: Mr Hyde's new crime

something else about him – he couldn't quite put his finger on it – that both frightened and repulsed the lawyer.

He walked round the corner into a square and knocked on the front door of his friend Henry Jekyll's residence. The butler, Poole, showed him into the lavishly furnished hall and then announced that his master had gone out.

"I saw Mr Hyde go into the laboratory by the side door, even though you say Dr Jekyll is out," the lawyer remarked.

"Oh that's all right, sir. Mr







# ROBOT PUZZLES

## ASSEMBLY MACHINE

Which of the 16 parts (A to P) join with the robots' lower parts (1 to 4) to make four complete robots? The heads are parts A to D, chests are E to H, arms are I to P.

## FREAKY FACTS

A robot band played at the Taipei World Trade Centre in 1990. Each robot musician was capable of 64 different movements.

1	2	3	4

## MISSING NUTS

A robot dropped a bag of nuts and bolts. He found all the bolts but 27 of the nuts are still missing – can you find them?

## IDENTICAL ROBOTS

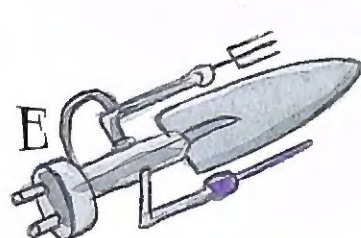
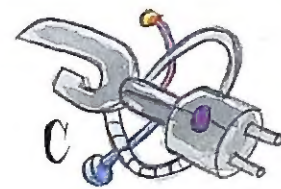
The two guitarists in the band are supposed to be identical, but if you look carefully, you will find 9 differences.

## FUN FACTS

Insects have inspired robot-makers to build robots with six legs because they are more stable on rough ground.



B



## ROBOT WORDS

The words below have all been made from the letters in ROBOT and ANDROID. They will all fit into the grid on the right. The first four words have been filled in to start you off. Can you fit in the others?

ONTO DRAB RAIN BIRO  
BIRD RANI RANT BOAR  
BRAN DART ROOT ROTA  
BOAT NATO DODO DARN



## MEAN SCREEN

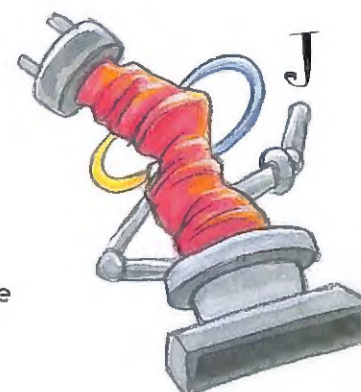
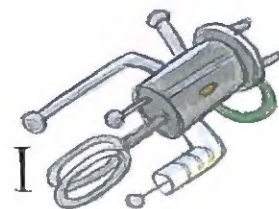
Something has gone wrong on the robot's screen on the left. Can you figure out what is printed on it?

## DOMESTIC DROID

This android has been given a list of ten tasks to do. For each one he must attach a different hand. Can you decide which hand, A to J, he needs for which of the tasks on the list below?

### LIST OF TASKS

- 1 Open a tin can
- 2 Wash the dishes
- 3 Mend the tap
- 4 Hoover the carpet
- 5 Dust the room
- 6 Trim the hedge
- 7 Weed the border
- 8 Make a cake
- 9 Entertain the kids
- 10 Oil the squeaky gate



## FAB FACTS

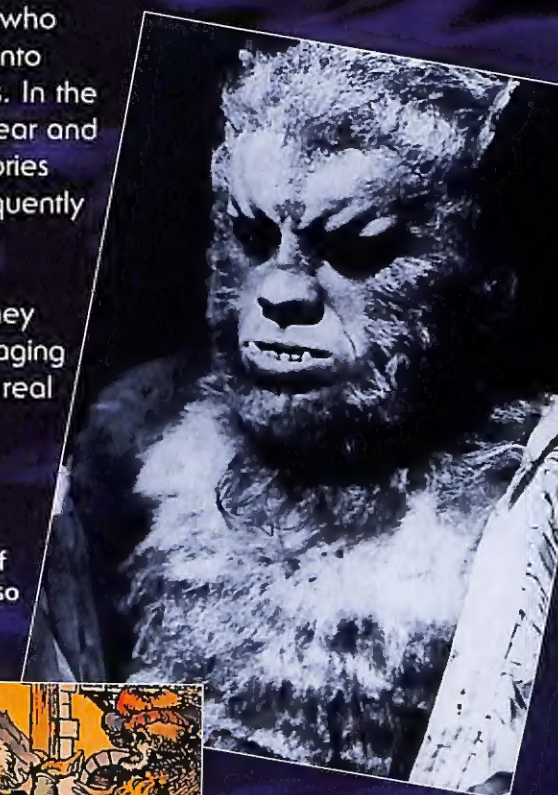
The first robotic hand was designed in 1551 by a Frenchman, Ambroise Pare. It was given to a wounded cavalryman. The fingers, moved by cogwheels and levers, were even able to grasp the reins of his horse.



# WEREWOLVES

Werewolves are people who supposedly can change into huge flesh-eating wolves. In the Middle Ages, a time of fear and superstition in Europe, stories of werewolves were frequently told. Werewolves were blamed for unexplained attacks on people. But they were also accused of savaging sheep, something that a real wolf might have done.

▼ **WORSE THAN DEATH?**  
In the Middle Ages, they believed that the survivor of a werewolf attack would also become a werewolf.



**DEADLY SUSPICION**  
How did they spot werewolves in the Middle Ages? Physical signs included eyebrows that met in the middle; long, sharp fingernails; pointed ears; or hair growing on the palms of the hands. It was also believed that a werewolf in human form would have hair growing on the inside of its skin! At least one suspect died under the investigating knife! Some werewolves were able to change shape when they wanted, but people were especially frightened of being turned into a werewolf against their will. It was thought that the power of the full moon could transform a victim and send him on a bloody rampage.

**Killing werewolves** Werewolves, being supernatural creatures, had to be killed in a special way. This included beheading or poking them with a pitchfork between the eyes. But the preferred way was to shoot them with a silver bullet blessed by a priest.

▲ **MOVIE MADNESS**  
Horror films tell spine-chilling tales of what can happen if you suffer the 'Curse of the Werewolf'!





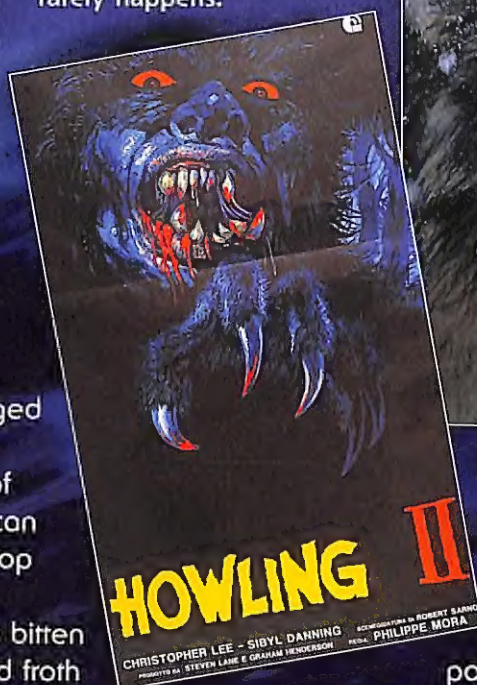
► **UNFAIR ATTACK**  
Wolves look vicious and are often unfairly accused of killing people. This rarely happens.



## WHY WEREWOLVES?

A strange disease called lycanthropy could have encouraged people in the Middle Ages to believe in werewolves. Victims of the disease are convinced they can turn into wolves, and may develop a taste for blood and raw flesh.

**Foaming frenzy** If a person was bitten by a wolf with rabies, they would froth at the mouth and attack other people with their teeth and nails. It was hardly surprising that this gave rise to the belief that anyone who was bitten by a werewolf was cursed by becoming a werewolf themselves.



▲ **STAR STRUCK**  
Today, werewolf sightings are restricted to the cinema.

**Seeing things** It is also possible that those people who reported werewolf sightings were suffering from hallucinations (seeing things). The bread that poor people ate in the Middle Ages was often made from grain that had been infected with a fungus called ergot. Eating the fungus causes people to hallucinate. As recently as 1951, victims of ergot poisoning reported seeing fierce, man-eating animals.



## ▲ DEADLY ILLNESS

A woodcut from the 1500s shows a victim of lycanthropy attacking villagers.

## HOW TO BECOME A WEREWOLF

- 1 Get bitten by another werewolf.
- 2 Eat the brains or roasted flesh of a sheep killed by a werewolf.
- 3 Drink from a stream frequented by wolves.
- 4 Drink from the puddle in a wolf's footprint.
- 5 Roll naked in the sand under a full moon.
- 6 Wear a wolf skin and chant a charm.

